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THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY RICHARDSON AND SON, DERBY.

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THE EDITORS OF "THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR" TO THEIR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS.

THE appearance of a New Catholic Weekly Journal may, perhaps, surprise you, because you may not be aware that it has long been designed, and in part prepared. We have long felt that our people want a steady and wholesome supply of knowledge, conveyed to them through channels purely Catholic, proportioned to their education and position, rendered pleasing by the admixture of many ingredients, and useful for filling up the leisure hours which from time to time they may possess. Nay, we are bold enough to hope, that parts of it could be made not unworthy of occupying a portion of that day, which, in the main, should belong to God. The number of Sunday Papers, full of vile and irreligious, or, at the best, unprofitable matter, which the poor are tempted to read, from want of something better coming to them just at the only time that they can spare for reading, proves, on the one hand, a craving for some such timely occupation, and suggests the duty on the other, of our providing it for them. We do not allude to Penny Sunday Newspapers so much as to those trashy publications, which furnish romances, and often pernicious information, in large Penny Sheets.

We put it at once to you, our clerical brethren—ought not this greediness (for such it is) to be taken advantage of by us, and turned to better purposes? Should not the double benefit be derived from it, of withdrawing our people from their present unwholesome food, and of substituting in its place what is sound and nourishing? Should not "the *hungry* be filled with good things?" and if so, by whom rather than by us? Or should we leave it to chance whether they light upon the good or the bad, the risks and chances being infinitely in favour of the latter? Or shall we be satisfied with forbidding that which is pernicious, without caring to give them something profitable instead? Should we not be glad to take away the excuse, that they must either be idle or read the foolish periodicals alluded to, by showing them how they need do neither, but be occupied as much, and yet run no risk?

In fine, would it not be an advantage to have a weekly publication as cheap as those, conducted by some of ourselves, which you could, therefore, rely upon, and safely recommend to your poor?

And you, Catholic friends, would you not be glad to know where, week by week, you could lay out your penny—the only one, perhaps, that you can spare for the purpose—in procuring a paper such as you may read without danger of meeting a word that can shock your good feelings, and which you can let your children look into, or can even read to them, without fear of falling upon some passage or word which may hurt their religious or moral principles?

And, farther, would you not wish to have a weekly paper of your own, which you could lend to your Protestant friends and neighbours, with the certainty, that while, on the one hand, there will be nothing in it to wound their feelings, no abuse, or harsh language about them, on the other, there will be something mixed with pleasing instruction and innocent entertainment that may do them good, and lead them to think about your religion?

Now, all this we propose to provide for you in "THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR." It will appear every Saturday, so as to afford you some matter for your Sunday reading; and we

trust that its contents will be such as will assist you in keeping that day holy. For there shall be nothing in it, you may be sure, which can oppose the good thoughts and occupations that should engage you on the Sunday; but much, on the contrary, that may help to promote them.

Still its contents will not be entirely religious. They will consist of various matters of an instructive, and even of an amusing character, brought together often without much order, so as to mingle the grave with the gay, and to season the serious with the agreeable. It may not, however, be out of place to say a few words about the general plan:—It is intended to make this Journal at once interesting for the day, and of some value to after times. Yet many things which are useful at the present moment, may not be worth preserving for the future; or, they may become unintelligible, or cause confusion, when read after some years. For example: if we give a weekly calendar, it will not fit another year—perhaps not in any one's life. Again: letters may be sent for insertion, which refer to a temporary case, that in a few years will be forgotten. All such matters will be printed inside the wrapper, which, of course, will be torn off when the work is bound up. Thus they will not form a part of the work itself, which will be made to contain only such materials as may be worth reading again after the lapse of years.

We hope that something will be found in our columns to satisfy every variety of innocent taste. Natural History, and what may be termed Familiar and Practical Philosophy, shall give us improving as well as curious information. The Antiquary will recall past times, and talk of churches and abbeys, and holy societies of men, and of ancient modes of living; and they who have wandered through many books, shall give us extracts worthy of our notice. The Traveller, the Historian, and Biographer, shall talk to us of what they have seen and heard of strange lands, and worthy men. Tales which leave on the fancy some pleasing and profitable remembrance, and Poetry occasionally, when good, shall not be forgotten in the feast which we wish to provide; and when any new or valuable work reaches our hands, we will take care that it shall give some of its best bits to our readers.

In most numbers there will also be one of a series of Tracts, entitled, "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE." These will be in four distinct courses: 1st, *Doctrinal;* 2nd, *Moral;* 3rd, *Historical;* and 4th, *Miscellaneous.* Sometimes a Tract will be given from one, sometimes from the other course—and they will afterwards be printed separately, as Tracts for distribution. The first, or Introductory Tract, will appear in our next number. They will be plain, simple compositions, intended for the class to which they are addressed—the poor and simple of heart. Hence, they will be written in various forms: sometimes they will appear in the shape of a dialogue, or a little tale; sometimes they will be plain straight-forward explanations or defences of Catholic doctrines or practices; but we shall always study to make them clear and easy, and yet strong and convincing.

While the paper will be thus taken up with original articles, and with extracts from other books, old and modern, carefully chosen, being both useful and agreeable, you must not expect to find in it the news of the day, or politics, or disputes and discussions even upon religious matters. There are already Catholic periodicals devoted to these purposes, with which we do not wish in the least to interfere. In them you will find all that you can want in these matters; while we will devote ourselves to the task of merely furnishing you with such information as we think no Catholic ought to be without.

We undertake the work, God knows, without prospect or desire of gain to ourselves, but solely for the profit of our people. We shall be satisfied if we see our Journal circulate widely amongst them, and through them amongst others; if the seed of Divine Truth which we scatter, watered and increased by the Heavenly Husbandman, shall produce much fruit of virtue and holiness. To His protection we commend, therefore, the work, and in His hands we leave its results.

Derby, the Feast of St. Augustin, 1844.

LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

LETTER I.

Belgium, ——— 1842.

My dear old Thomas,

I hope you have received the messages I have sent you by several friends, to whom I have written, for I wish you to know I have not forgotten you. I thank you very much for your proofs of attachment to me, and wish to reward it by showing that I remember you. I am sure it will give you pleasure to have a letter from me, telling you something about Belgium and the people I am living amongst. Besides, I am afraid lest you should be made unhappy by the strange things which have happened since I left home, as I hear a great many people are much frightened lest England should become Roman Catholic: and I wish to show you what Roman Catholics are, that you may see there is nothing to be afraid of, should that take place. I am not going to write like a sermon is written, or a book of "Essays," though I know you used to love such dry books better than any thing, and always begged to keep them longer and longer to read over and over again. No, I am only going to tell you about old men just like yourself, and old women just like old Mary; and sometimes I shall tell you about young persons, and sometimes about children, and sometimes about what they do in their religion, and what I do; and all about the Church and the services, and the manner of praying, and of taking the most Holy Sacrament, and about funerals and baptisms; all is so very different from what you can imagine, that I am sure it will amuse you very much to hear about such things. Sometimes I shall tell you about the Clergymen, and sometimes about the Bishops. And you must remember that what I tell you is truth. I shall tell you only what I see and hear myself, and the things that I live amongst.

I shall sometimes write to other of my dear old neighbours, as I know they must be very curious to know what I am doing, and why I never came back amongst them. So give my kind remembrance to Mary Turner and Sarah Jones, and others who inquire after me, and tell them they may all expect a letter from me in their turn. Tell them I have never forgotten them, and that I missed the pleasant visits I used to pay to them, very much at first, for I could not speak to any of the poor people here, because I had not learned their language. But I soon became able to say a few words, and they were all so very kind in trying to understand me, that I could talk with them in a few months pretty well; and now I run in and out their cottages, and talk just as I used to do at *Endley;* and I love them very much, and tell them all about you all, and make them laugh, and they tell droll stories to make me laugh, just as you used to do.

I was very glad to hear little Harry and his mother had come to lodge with you. It must be a great comfort to you all to be together again. I have been thinking little Harry is now ten years old, so I hope he can do much to reward his good kind mother for all she has done and suffered for him. Tell him, if I hear a good account of him, I shall write him a letter also; for he would like to hear about the boys and girls of Belgium, who are very much like the boys and girls of England, sometimes good and sometimes naughty; though, tell Harry, I wonder really how they ever come to be naughty, seeing the pains that is taken to make them good, just as I should wonder to hear that Harry was ever naughty, knowing the care, and kindness, and trouble with which his mother has bred him up. Every child in Belgium has as much care bestowed upon it, as Harry has had, as an only child, and his mother a widow with nothing left but Harry to love and care for. I will tell you how this is: every Roman Catholic child belongs to a tender vigilant mother—that mother is the Church. This good mother has so arranged all her plans for the education of children, that no one is neglected. Every little village has its own Clergyman living in it, who is only allowed to become a priest, on condition that he devotes himself entirely to his flock in all the several duties of a pastor, of which the education and care of children is amongst the first; but I shall tell Harry more about this, when I write to him. At present I am writing to you, my good old Thomas, and must, therefore, talk of graver things. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see the care and kindness which are shown towards the old, among Roman Catholics. The father and mother generally live with their children and grandchildren, as they are taught by the Church that one of their first duties is to protect their parents in their old age. They are seldom required to work, but share the family property in common. It is very pleasing to hear the respect with which such an old parent is treated. They never speak to a father or mother without adding the name, "Yes, father; No, father." When the old father or mother is sick, it is very beautiful to see the devoted attention with which they are nursed. I have stood by many such a death-bed. When a son or daughter is married, the husband or wife, viz. son or daughter-in-law think themselves equally bound to cherish the old father or mother-in-law. I have seen a son-in-law seated on the bed behind his very aged mother-in-law, to support her in her dying moments, administering to her every little alleviation which he could think of; and changing her position as he fancied the poor sufferer seemed fatigued, or restless. The grand-children are taught that they owe the same respect to the grandfather and grandmother, as they do to their own parents. An old man who died here a few days since, was so tenderly watched by his little grandaughter, about eleven years old, that he would allow no one else to do any thing for him that she could do. One day while I was sitting by him, his night-cap slipped off, and his son went gently behind him to smooth his ruffled grey hair and replace it, but the old man turned quickly round and said, "Let Coleta do it—she can do that." Long before he was really ill, this little girl used to tie his shoes, and watch over him with the kindest affection. This is only a part of the same system, which teaches and enforces this respect for the aged. The same careful teaching is extended to all the various relations and circumstances of life; and the

means by which Roman Catholics are so strongly attracted to act right are, that religion is made the ground and foundation of every thing. Every thing is mixed up with religion, even their recreations.

I often used to read over with delight the parts of the Bible which describe the manner of living of the Jews, before and when they had taken possession of the promised land; and used to think how kind God was to them, in mixing up his service with every action of their life, and in giving them so many holidays, in which his solemn service was the first occupation; but I did not know that there existed a religion still wherein the same nearness to God might be enjoyed; where He was remembered in every thing, in every action, in every recreation, in every labour which occurs to mankind in daily life. Where He dwells with man as a dear friend, as an indulgent parent, to soften every sorrow, and heighten every joy.

Such a religion does, however, exist. In the same manner as God condescended to rule and arrange even the smallest affairs of the Jews his ancient people, so does he still stoop to rule and arrange, by his Church, the smallest affairs of Roman Catholics. All are protected and watched over, and cared for, and prayed for. No Roman Catholic knows what it is to be solitary and wholly abandoned. He is a member of a body united to each other in one common band of pious interest and holy communion with their heavenly Father, and Jesus their Redeemer. The Church is constantly calling them together for social worship, and social recreation, or for social sympathy under sorrow, with solemn prayer, or cheering thanksgiving. Every thing is regulated for their spiritual advantage, and as far as may be for their temporal good. Their comfort and happiness are watched over in every thing; for example:

The Church services are so ordered, that every member of each family may attend the morning service. In towns where there are many clergymen, each performs a service at a different hour every day, from five in the morning to nine. Each service lasts about half an hour. In villages where there is only one clergyman, this order is only observed on Sundays. And on week days only so many of a family go to church in the morning as can be spared at one time. Where there are two clergymen, even in a village, there is always sufficient time between the services, every morning, to enable all the members of a family to go to one or the other. Our village is a very small one, and there is another small village close to it. Being so near, the bishop allowed always but one clergyman to each parish, and the services were regulated as if they were both in the same parish, (that is, the Sunday services), there always being sufficient time between each to allow those who lived at the distant parts of the parishes to return home before the others of the family set off. The rector of this next parish has, however, become weak by age, and he is now allowed a curate. Therefore, we have every day three services, all early in the morning, at different hours, so that every body can go to church every morning if they like. Of course many have important work to do which they cannot leave, such as farmers and farm-servants. But I observe many even of these regularly at their church. Our butcher's wife, who is the mother of nine children, said to me when the new curate came, "It is so comforting now, I can go every day to church, and let my servant go also." I said, "I wonder how you find time to go to church every day, with your business and so many children?" She replied, "I never find the time lost—for if ever I stay at home from church because I am busy, I always find I lose more time, and the day does not go on well with me at all." Indeed I observe this habit of going every morning to church is the source of all other good habits. For in order to go to church they must rise early. They generally rise early enough to get all, or a great part of their household work done before they go; so that after church they are ready to sit down to their sewing or knitting, with every thing about them in the neatest order. I love to go in after church, and be asked to visit their sleeping rooms, kitchens, and *cellars*, (as they call the clean little bricked room where they keep their food, stores, &c.) being sure to be gratified with the sight of most scrupulously clean bed hangings, with pretty square pillows laid on the outside the beds, boards white as marble, every thing in its place, and in the cellar the vegetables all cut and prepared ready for the soup, (every Belgian must have his soup), a bright saucepan, filled with potatoes standing ready to place on the fire, wood cut, and turf piled up handy for the business of cooking, so that the mistress may prepare the family dinner without in the least soiling her clean house, and knit or sew while she watches it. This going to church every day leads them also to be very neat in their clothes. A ragged gown or apron is scarcely ever seen on any of our villagers. They would be ashamed to be seen ragged or dirty, and as they are every morning in the public church, they take good care to preserve themselves always in neat order. They think it a great dishonour done to God also, if they go to church dirty or ragged. Every duty is in this same way made referable to God. In the same manner as the Jews were commanded to perform all their ceremonies, and to offer all their sacrifices as figures and remembrances of Christ yet to come into the world to live and die for them; so Roman Catholics are trained to perform all their services and works as remembrances and commemorations of His having been in the world, and having lived and died for them. Of them it may be with truth said, that "In Him they live, and move, and have their being." Their church services are generally representations and commemorations of Him in his blessed passion and death; even the dresses of their ministers have all significant meaning about Christ, which are taught and explained to their children from their earliest infancy. Their holidays and festivals are all arranged so as to bring Christ before them in every various circumstance of either his earthly life, or sacred death, or heavenly glory. His passion and death are set before them in their most solemn services, and his life as man on earth is constantly set before them for their rule and example in their daily life. Even the most trifling actions are in some way used to bring Christ before them, and are made a subject of prayer or ejaculation. I hope I shall have an opportunity of de-

scribing to you some of our beautiful festival days, which will show you how true is what I have here said, that Christ with Roman Catholics is all in all. But why should I wait to describe festival days? for all our days would interest you to hear about. So I will tell you exactly how we pass our ordinary days first, and then try to amuse you with telling you about grand gay days. But I fear my letter is growing long enough to tire your poor old eyes; and I think by this time you have laid down your spectacles, and have asked Harry to read it to you, or perhaps Mrs. Williamson, if Harry cannot yet read writing. I had better, therefore, defer my description of a Roman Catholic day, to my next letter. I shall send this in a parcel to Mrs. Werner, and ask her to carry the letter to you; and then she will write me word all you say about it, which I know will be something droll, as you always love a little fun.

Thursday. I find I cannot send my letters and parcel this week, I shall, therefore, add a little more before they go.——*(To be continued.)*

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

The convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the Mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassible by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rocks before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupifying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the excellent docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

A story is told of one of these dogs, who, having found a child unhurt whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche, induced the poor boy to mount upon his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES OF ENGLAND."

Oh, the good old times of England! Ere, in her evil day,
From their Holy Faith and their ancient rites her people fell away;
When her gentlemen had hands to give, and her yeomen hearts to feel;
And they raised full many a bead-house, but never a bastile;
And the poor they honoured, for they knew that He, Who for us bled,
Had seldom, when He came on earth, whereon to lay His Head;
And by the poor man's dying bed the Holy Pastor stood,
To fortify the parting soul with that celestial Food;
And in a mortal agony the Priest ye might behold,
Commending to his Father's hands a sheep of His own fold;
And, when the soul was fled from earth, the Church could do yet more;
For the Chaunting Priests came slow in front, and the Cross went on before;
And o'er the poor man's pall they bade the sacred banner wave,
To teach her sons that Holy Church hath victory o'er the grave.

But times and things are altered now; and Englishmen begin
To class the beggar with the knave, and poverty with sin:
We shut them up from tree and flower, and from the blessed sun;
We tear in twain the hearts that God in wedlock had made one,—
The hearts that beat so faithfully, reposing side by side
For fifty years of weal and woe from eve till morning tide;
No gentle Nun with her comfort sweet, no Friar standeth nigh,
With ghostly strength and holy love to close the poor man's eye;
But the corpse is thrown into the ground, when the prayers are hurried o'er,
To rest in peace a little while, and then make way for more!

We mourn not for our abbey-lands; e'en pass they as they may!
But we mourn because the tyrant found a richer spoil than they:
He cast away, as a thing defiled, the remembrance of the just;
And the relics of our martyrs he scattered to the dust;
Yet two at least, in their holy shrines, escaped the spoiler's hand,
And S. Cuthbert and S. Edward might alone redeem a land!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

England of Saints! The hour is nigh—far nigher may it be
Than yet I deem, albeit that day I may not live to see,—
When all thy commerce, all thy arts, and wealth, and power, and fame,
Shall melt away—at thy most need—like wax before the flame;
Then shalt thou find thy truest strength thy martyrs' prayers above;
Then shalt thou find thy truest wealth their holy deeds of love;
And thy Church, awaking from Her sleep, come glorious forth at length,
And in sight of angels and of men display Her hidden strength:
Again shall long processions sweep through Lincoln's minster pile;
Again shall banner, cross, and cope gleam thro' the incensed aisle;
And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's thoughtful prayer,
And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered there;
And tierce, and nones, and matins, shall have each their holy lay;
And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close the day.
England of saints! the peace will dawn,—but not without the fight;
So, come the contest when it may,—and God defend the right!"

From Hierologus, or the Church Tourists, by the Rev. J. M. Neale. (Church of England.)

Review.

"SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLES."

By Frederic Faber, M.A. Fellow of University College, Oxford.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

This work was published some time ago. The author is understood to be of that party, popularly termed the Pusey-party of the Church of England, and he gives us here his reflections on the religious institutions of the Catholic lands which he visits. It was long since remarked, that besides the direct proofs in favour of our creed from holy Scriptures and the writings of the first fathers of the church, it would be easy to form a powerful mass of evidence in its behalf, merely from the admissions of opponents and their differences among each other, at different times and in different places. The Nestorians, for instance, believed all what we regard of faith, except the unity of Christ's person. The Eutychians, on the other hand, declared that we were right on that very point which the Nestorians urged as the cause of their separation, and blamed us only for teaching that two distinct natures existed in the Son of God. Other founders of sects succeeded in running away from us on account of some peculiar dogma, and one after another surrendering and anathematizing the distinctive principles of their predecessors; and thus, without intending it, they have become, in spite of themselves, defenders of our faith, and created curious and consoling evidence of its truth, by embracing readily for themselves at least what other separatists rejected. The Baptist, the Calvinist, the Anglican and others, agree in one point, and that is, in condemning our church. We may surely listen with satisfaction when the Anglican proves to the Baptist, that we, so much abused, are right in requiring children to be cleansed in the laver of regeneration, and when one member of the Church of England assures another member that the real presence in the holy Eucharist is the true doctrine of Christ.

We do not make these remarks for the purpose of awakening in any a spirit of triumph, much less to excite controversy (a kind of writing which we wish altogether to avoid in these pages); but as some justification for bringing before our readers many works written oftentimes in the unkindest spirit towards us, but yet supplying passages well worthy of study, and suggesting thoughts full of comfort.

The work before us is composed by one *not* a member of the Catholic Church; yet seldom has any volume been written by a dissident in a more charitable and unprejudiced spirit. "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; exhorting one another," is the maxim taken from *Heb.* x. and is inscribed on the title-page, and the spirit of these words is on the whole well maintained. Mr. Faber leaves England with a mind deeply convinced, more than palaces, and fine streets, and theatres, and fountains, and armies, and good police arrangements, that religious institutions and regulations deserve a Christian traveller's study; and as he leaves our shores, he is accompanied by a mysterious personage, who argues with him on these subjects, and often throws the clearest light on the spirit of the Middle Ages, (falsely termed the *Dark Ages*), when the shallow wisdom of this day, not understanding, assails them. But, let us proceed to some extracts; the author finds himself in a strange country, and every where the mode of worship is different from what he has been accustomed to; he recollects when only *one* religion was professed by the whole of Europe.

THE BENEFITS OF UNITY, AND ALSO OF THE USE OF THE LATIN TONGUE.

"The traveller in the Middle Ages rose with the religious men, beneath whose roof he had found shelter for the night; with them he sought, first of all, the house, oftentimes the Altar, of God, and joined in the matin service of the Western Church. He went forward on his road with prayer and benediction. *Prosperum iter*,* was the kindly monk's farewell, *faciat tibi Deus salutarium nostrorum: utinam dirigantur viæ tuæ ad custodiendas justificationes Dei!* † and from field, and brook, and bush, the salutation still for miles came forth, haunting his ear, *Procedas in pace in nomine Domini!* ‡ A cloud of good wishes accompanied and guarded him from monastery to monastery, while the courts of bishops and the cloisters of learned men were opened to him, by the commendatory letters of his native prelates. The traveller of past times was sure of a home for Easter or Whitsuntide; the continual haunting of sacred places was, at it were, a safeguard against the fresh shapes and daily transformed temptations of sin, to which a traveller is exposed; he had holy houses every where, as refuges in times of weariness or pestilence, and a certainty, in case death should intercept him, of a consecrated resting-place among the Christian dead, when he had passed through the narrow gate, aided by the offices and absolutions of the Church. And these were consolations, great or small, according to the degree in which he realized the powers of the Church, and the blessedness of being her son. Indeed, the disuse of the universal language of Europe, namely, the Latin of the Middle Ages, while it enhances the difficulty of communication with good men of foreign communions, may be regarded as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom. How touchingly does Sir Francis Palgrave allude to this, in his delightful volume on the Middle Ages, when he says, 'There was nothing new, or strange, or singular, about the burial procession particularly calculated to excite the attention of Marco Polo. The *De Profundis* of the stoled priest spake the universal language adopted by the most sublime of human compositions, the Liturgy of Western Christendom. Yet though no objects appeared which could awaken any lively curiosity in the traveller, there was much in their very familiarity to excite the sympathy of the wanderer in a foreign land. With an altered tone he said to the friar, "Saddened is the spirit of the pilgrim by the dying twilight and the plaining vesper bell; but he, who braves every danger for himself, may feel his heart sink within him, when the pageant of triumphant death brings to his mind the thought, that those from whom, as he weened, he parted for a little while only, may have been already borne to the sepulchre. Yet there is also a great and enduring comfort to the traveller in Christendom. However uncouth may be the speech of the races amongst whom the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits, let him enter the portal of the church, or hear, as I do now, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim always finds his home. We are all one people when we come before the Altar of the Lord." '

The traveller advances through various parts of France, and reaches the ancient city of Avignon, once the residence of the Popes during the troubles of Italy, and since much injured by time and the ruthless hand of man.

"We repaired to Laura's tomb. There was something in the mien of the priest who showed it to us very pleasing. He pointed out different shattered churches and convents, which

* A happy journey.
† May God help thee, and may thy ways be directed to keep the commandments.
‡ Go in peace in the name of the Lord.

had suffered, he said, in the Revolution. He spoke low and mournfully, and, though his feelings came through his words in a way not to be mistaken, he used no word of bitterness, no word of condemnation. He seemed to regard the sufferings of the Church in France as a providential humbling of her, and did not choose to dwell on the other side of the question, the sins of those who were God's instruments in so humbling her. He seemed penetrated by that truly Christian temper in a churchman, which it is so difficult to realize."

A most interesting discussion soon ensues between the traveller and his friend, on the celibacy of the clergy. The clerical state, be it remarked, is not forced on any; and all should enter into it with fear and awe, and a pervading sense of the mighty responsibilities attached to it. Though none affirm it to be an article of faith that the minister of religion should remain unmarried; yet as a question of discipline, and exceeding benefit to the Christian world (the object for which the priesthood exists), it is argued here that the church may reasonably and most wisely lay down such an injunction. To none but the profane, or the prejudiced, or the unreflecting, can the following remarks, addressed to the *Christian*, be without weight.

"Quite independent of the practice and temper of the Early Church, celibacy is undeniably put forward in Holy Scripture as a higher state of life than that of holy matrimony: and yet, if the latter be sacramental, and adumbrate the mystery of the marriage of the Lamb, what must celibacy be, and what internal economy in the Heaven of heavens may it not peradventure shadow forth?

"If for all Christians, laymen and women inclusive, celibacy be *preferable* to holy matrimony, does not that *preference* rise perchance into something higher for those who hold the Keys of Absolution, and make the Lord's Holy Body in the 'tremendous, unbloody Sacrifice?'*

"If continence be a spiritual *gift*, (and is it not so spoken of in Holy Scripture?) be it not, according to the apostolic rule, to be 'coveted earnestly,' even though charity may be a yet more excellent way? and where we have an honest will toward a good thing, does not a way generally open out before us, by some direct or indirect Providence?

"Does not the present exigency of the Church seem to lay celibacy at your doors with a gesture not to be mistaken?

"May not (to such as will receive it) celibacy be desirable, as enabling a priest to dedicate himself in a certain more inward way to some special office towards the body of Christ, such *e. g.* as besieging Heaven to restore the *Sacramentum Unitatis* to the Catholic Church; which will come home to such tempers as cannot realize the bristling attitude assumed by many of your countrymen hitherto towards the Roman Church:—or again, such an office, *e. g.* as setting yourself aside, so to speak, as a beadsman for the dead; which will come home to such as are orphans and have lost friends whose religious state was distressingly uncertain, or to such as feel sick at heart from your Church's having been wrenched somewhat rudely from the invisible Church, and her face turned westward from the Altar beneath which the dead are, and are crying?

"What from its very nature is of more force than celibacy to enable one to realize things unseen, at a time when not the world only, but, if so be, your own kinsfolk are on their knees day and night before things seen?

"What is more needed now-a-days than alms, as well for what they do for the Church on earth by feeding the poor, preaching the Gospel, spreading the Sacraments, and building visible shrines of wood and stone, as for the power which they may be allowed to exercise in the invisible world on the Church's behalf? And does not celibacy put much in your power by cutting off household expenses?

"Is it unlikely that the temper of large towns may be the temper of Apostacy; and is not the temper of celibacy (*e. g.* as disregarding money, comfort, rich meats, much talking, physical beauty, intellectual power; while it makes much, as ascetics ever do of sacramental ordinances, and sound *words*, such as liturgies and creeds), the *exact* opposite and denial of the temper of large towns? If so, may not the Holy Ghost vouchsafe to use celibacy in some *special* way in combating this apostacy?

"Without blaming others who 'do well,' may it not be doing 'better,' for priests to live that state of life which the Church, after her first love was gone, thought almost, if not quite binding upon the clergy; the British and American Churches being the only branches of Western Christendom whose clergy use their liberty in this respect? And to English priests may it not be added, that if any of my other considerations come home to them, they are bound by the XXXIInd Article to marry or live virgins, not according to their own desire, but 'as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness?'

"To such of you Englishmen as feel the want of it, does not celibacy afford to a priest one of the underhand (by which, not to be misunderstood, is meant unoffending inwardly realized) ways in which meek hearts may attain to a stronger feeling of communion with the rest of Western Christendom?

"May not celibacy be to many a special cure for certain special defects of character; *e. g.* soft living, extravagant expenditure, idolatry of comfort, overtalking, pride of intellect, a feeling of solitude irksome, an unhealthy appetite for sympathy?

"Last and greatest consideration, may not celibacy not only prevent future sin by remedying defects of character, but also be, to use the forcible language of the Apocrypha, an atonement (through Christ as all such atonements are, whether they be honouring of parents, giving of alms, or any other we hear of in the public lections of the Church, and dignified with that high name simply as being shadows of the one great and true Atonement) for past sin? And were not most of you brought up unconscious of the regenerating waters that were within you, and had passed upon you, and have you not sinned in this ignorance very grievously towards the Body of Christ, whose members, when boys, you did not know you were?"

* Language, occurring repeatedly, and in Liturgies.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Rainbows.—Rainbows can only occur when the clouds are opposite the sun. In this climate the heavy rains are usually brought by the westerly winds. When the rainbow is in the west, the bad weather is on the road to us; when in the east, the rain is passing from us.

Heat of Comets.—In reference to the size and heat of comets, Sir Isaac Newton calculates that a globe of red-hot iron of the dimensions of the earth would scarce be cool in 50,000 years.

The Skin.—The importance of correct performance of the functions of the skin, is far greater than we ordinarily suppose. The skin is the most extensive organ of the human body; and natural discharge by perspiration is a salutary emanation, which frees the frame from impure humours, a freedom which is essential to health. Obstructed perspiration is the cause of many of the most painful disorders of mankind. A healthy person of middle stature perspires within twenty-four hours, no less than from three to five pounds in weight, thus expelling from the system by the pores noxious matter, which, if retained in the body by a constricted skin, cannot be otherwise than productive of serious consequences; for this extensive outside covering is a necessary outlet for the wastes of nature, and discharges, when in healthy action, more than the lungs, bladder, and bowels together. By microscopic inspection it is fully proved, that the surface of the skin resembles a very scaly fish; these scales are so small, that the space occupied by a grain of sand will cover two hundred and fifty of them. On examining one of these scales by a high magnifying power, it is clearly seen, that one scale covers five hundred pores, or holes, through which perspiration escapes; consequently, a space occupied by a grain of sand, say the twentieth part of an inch, includes and covers one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores! What, then, must the surface of the whole skin cover? This is beyond all calculation equally true and wonderful. Hence, it is proved to a demonstration, that the skin is constructed to answer the most important purpose of the animal economy.

How to Write Clearly and Forcibly.—A man fully possessed of his subject, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect, if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear expositions of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter—and the other half, from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place. —*Lord Jeffery.*

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

(OUR MOTHER.)

MARY Mother, on whose breast
Smil'd the infant God of Love,
Whose seraphic lip carest
Him who sways the world above;
Still a feeling Mother be,
Virgin Mary, pray for me.

Thou who stood'st beneath the wood,
Where thy Saviour Son was hung,
Drench'd and crimson'd by the flood,
Which upon thy brow he flung;
Let that day appeal to thee—
Virgin Mary, pray for me.

Shaking off the fearful gloom,
Bursting forth on glory's wing,
When He left the shroud and tomb,
Glorified and triumphing;
By a Mother's jubilee,
Virgin Mary, pray for me.

By thy virgin purity,
By thine Infant's fond caress,
By the pangs of Calvary,
By thy present blessedness,
Still, oh still a Mother be,
Virgin Mary, pray for me.

IRELAND.

WHAT a magnificent country is this—scenery of infinite variety and beauty, and land and rivers teeming with abundance! Where shall we find opportunities supplied by Nature of greater national blessings and happiness! yet, after all, what horrible mischiefs have the passions of man and bad legislation worked for it! And where are we to find hope, as long as England persists in forcing institutions on the country alien to the habits of the people, and, therefore, the certain cause of endless dissatisfaction! Take the Church, for instance, established by law: it is hated by *nine-tenths* of the people, and has been so ever since its establishment; yet it is still upheld in all its uselessness, and ostentatious and offensive pride! With the greater part of the landlords living out of Ireland, the representatives and preservers of social order must needs be the Clergy, as standing between the higher orders and the numerous and exciteable poor. But the Protestant Clergy cannot be conservators of the peace, because they have little or no influence; and can it be expected that the clergy of the Catholic Church will support the government in general, when they see a church, called by England the *National* Church, so much favoured and yet so powerless; a church indeed useless, as far as regards the mass of the people, and useful only, it may be said, in keeping up irritation against British legislation? Much is said by the Irish of their grievances, but surely *this* is one too obvious to be disputed. If the huge Church of England were Catholic, and kept up for the pleasure of English Catholics, would Protestants (the vast majority) be satisfied? And yet all people wonder that the great body of the people of Ireland are dissatisfied, when such a monster grievance every where presents itself!!

Notes on Ireland.

ON THE ANATOMY OF EXPRESSION.

BY SIR C. BELL, 1844.

"AMONG the many advantages which the artist has in the southern countries of Europe, the service of the Roman Catholic Church is the chief. At all seasons, as well as during the service of the altar, there are in the cathedrals and churches groups and single figures: the lady in rich attire, not more picturesque than the country girl; the beggar, and the monk, on their knees, muttering their prayers. In the family pew of the Reformed Church there may be as holy a frame of mind, but never the expression of those wrapt and solitary figures, whom we see prostrate on the bare stones in the solemn light of these churches. But my object was to advert to their inaudible mutterings, in which the amount of the expression capable of being thrown into the lips during speech, may be well observed. Nor can a stranger go from the church to the picture galleries, and mistake for a moment where the great painters found their studies, where they gained those conceptions of devotion, of enthusiasm and abandonment, which we see in the portraits of their saints and martyrs."*

MISCELLANIES.

I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven excepting once, when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man deprived of his feet. I offered up my praise and thanksgiving to heaven for its bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes.—*Sadi.*

Usefulness.—It must be a great satisfaction at the close of life, to be able to look back on the years which are passed, and to feel that you have lived, not for yourselves alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. There is nothing in this world so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.—*Sir B. Brodie.*

We never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern others. They who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Exercise, air, good temper, and temperance, are the principle sources of growth, health, and longevity.

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.

Gold is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple; and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

We are born at home, we live at home, and we must die at home; so that the comforts and economy of home are more deep, heartfelt, and of personal interest to us than the public affairs of all the nations in the world.

When the leisure evening hour is employed by a family in reading the page of instruction, there grows up insensibly in the younger members a love of home—a sentiment incompatible with some of the worst vices, and favourable to all the virtues.

The Morning Air.—There is something in the morning air, that, while it defies the penetration of our proud and shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigour to the whole frame. The freshness of the lip, by the way, is, according to Dr. Marshall Hall, one of the surest marks of health. If ye would be well, therefore, if ye would have your heart dancing gladly like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook, up with the lark—"the merry lark," as Shakspeare calls it, which is "the ploughman's clock," to warn him of the dawn—up and breakfast on the morning air, fresh with the odour of budding flowers and all the fragrance of the maiden spring—up from your nerve-destroying down bed, and from the foul air pent within your close-drawn curtains, and with the sun "walk o'er the dew of you high eastern hills." But we must defend the morning air from the aspersions of those who sit in their close, airless studies, and talk of the chilling dew and the unwholesome damps of the dawn. We have all the facts in our favour, that the fresh air of the morning is uniformly wholesome; and, having the facts, we pitch such shallow philosophy to fools who have nothing else for a foot-ball.

* "St. Giro, Genoa. It is a new thing to see those beggars crawling on the stairs. There is one who, lying on his belly, drags himself along with a short stick; the precise figure that is in the cartoons of Raphael. They are squalid, distorted, and strange. One fellow among them I should have in my sketch-book. He is on his knees, and whilst receiving a soldo from a very poor and very old woman, counts his beads and crosses himself with an indifference that can hardly be real. In entering a church in health, and the enjoyment of life, to step through amongst the 'poveri' is no bad preparation. It is impossible to witness the countryman, whose coarse dress marks the lowness of his condition,—to see him apart in an obscure aisle, cast down, and in prayer, with such perfect abstraction and abandonment, without the words of the publican being suggested, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' In this respect, amid all the blazon and show of worship which belong to the Roman Catholic, it is still the church of the poor. There is no respect for rank and condition within the precincts of a place of worship."

Note from Journal.

BLANCHE, LADY ARUNDEL.

The courage and spirit with which this lady, the wife of the Catholic Lord Arundel, defended Wardour Castle against the Parliamentary army, during the civil war in the reign of Charles I. are deserving of commendation.

On Tuesday, May 2nd, 1643, Sir Edward Hungerford, commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces in Wiltshire, appeared before Wardour Castle, a mansion belonging to the Earl of Arundel, in the same county. He began his operations by summoning the castle to surrender, but the Countess of Arundel, daughter to the Earl of Worcester, commanded the castle in the absence of her husband, and refused to deliver it up, saying, that she had the orders of her lord to keep it, and those orders she was determined to obey. On this reply the cannon were drawn up, and the battery commenced, which continued from Wednesday till the following Monday. The besiegers amounted to about 1,300 men, while the Countess had but 25 fighting men in the castle. During the siege a mine was sprung, by which every room was shaken and endangered. The besiegers offered more than once to give quarter to the women and children, on condition that the besieged should give up their arms; but the ladies of the family disdained to sacrifice to their own safety their brave friends and faithful domestics, and rejected the proposals. Oppressed with numbers, wearied with exertion, and exhausted by watching, the strength of the besieged began to fail: in this emergency the ladies and female servants assisted in loading the muskets, and in administering refreshments to their intrepid defenders.

The enemy having brought petards, applied them to the garden doors, which they endeavoured to force, and thus open a passage to the castle: balls of fire were at the same time thrown in at the dismantled windows. In this distress, when every hope was cut off, the Countess demanded a parley, which was granted. Articles of surrender were drawn up, by which it was stipulated, that the inhabitants of the castle should be allowed quarter, that the females should have their wearing apparel, and that six of the serving men should be allowed to attend them wherever they chose to retire, and that the furniture should be saved from plunder.

The besiegers were, on these terms, allowed to enter the castle, and take possession of it; but the first article of the stipulation, by which the lives of the inhabitants were spared, was the only one observed; while the remainder were violated without scruple. They destroyed the pictures, carvings, and works of art—nothing was left to the defeated, but the clothes they then wore. The ladies and children were led prisoners to Shaftesbury, where five cart-loads of their richest furniture were carried in triumph. The work of devastation was extended to the whole of the property; the deer were killed or let loose, the timber was cut down, the out-houses burnt, the fish-ponds destroyed, and the horses and cattle carried away. The loss of the Earl of Arundel, on this occasion, was computed at one hundred thousand pounds.

The victors conceiving their prisoners insecure at Shaftesbury, proposed removing them to Bath, the air of which was at that time infected by the plague and small-pox. Lady Arundel, dreading to expose her children to infection, remonstrated against this barbarous purpose, and declared that force only should compel her to comply with it. Her enemies were induced to relinquish their design, but not without inflicting a severe pang on the heart of a mother, by separating her from her children, two sons, of eleven and nine years of age, who were torn from her, and sent prisoners to Dorchester.

But the afflictions of the Countess were not yet at an end. In one week she found herself deprived of her children by imprisonment, and of her husband by death. The Earl of Arundel died at Oxford, May 19th, of the wounds he had received in the defence of the Royal cause at the battle of Lansdown, near Bath. The Countess survived these misfortunes six years, and died 28th October, 1649. She was buried with her husband, near the altar of the chapel in Wardour Castle, and an inscription on the monument relates the bravery with which she defended her castle in her husband's cause.

M——.

THE INDIAN OF THE CROSS.

The important country of Canada was ceded to us by the treaty of Paris in the year 1763, although the victorious troops of our country, headed by the brave general Wolfe, had seized on it four years before. It is one of the most valuable possessions of the British crown, and remained faithful to its allegiance even at a time when nearly all the rest of North America had burst into rebellion, and when too many of the governors sent over by us to rule the people, had infringed the privileges secured solemnly to them on the Heights of Abraham. The French settlers were a simple, industrious, and religious body, preserving, in general, the character which existed in the villages of Normandy two centuries ago, devoting all their time to the cultivation of their fields, and beauty of their gardens; except on Sundays and feast days, when with delight religious duties were fulfilled, and what remained then of their leisure was given up to innocent festivity and visits.

It must be confessed, that during the time when the French possessed this country, far greater and more successful efforts towards the instruction of the neighbouring Indians were made, than have since been made by us. The tribes in the nearest back settlements are now nearly extinct, owing to the fatal presents of ardent spirits and gunpowder which in our avarice we made them; and the very few converts now made by the agents of the societies of England and America, after being idolized at meetings, summoned for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, return home a disgrace to the faith which they say that they have embraced, or remain in Montreal to indulge in their love of European luxuries and intoxicating drinks, until the small-pox or some other fatal disease takes away life. A far better state of things existed when the "Black Cassocks," as the Catholic clergy were called by them, went among the Indians. These holy men gained the hearts of the noble savages, by giving them so much knowledge of the arts of civilization as would be an undoubted benefit: they cured the sick, arranged disputes, directed their pleasures, taught music, and at last filled the ears of their wondering auditories with the beautiful histories of Christ and his saints. Tribe after tribe submitted to the sweet yoke of the gospel; the solemn rites of religion were assisted at with a fervour which might have edified the first Christians themselves; and from morning till night, whenever the stealthy step of the hunter stopped in its pursuit of game, the litanies of the blessed Virgin and the hymns of the Church filled the air.

A few years before the period when our story commences, some priests had made their way among the Sioux Indians, and had particularly attracted the favour of an old chief named We-nisk-ka, or the Cloud of Night. Many had already been admitted to the holy sacrament of baptism; and of the two daughters of the chief, the elder Aglavee or the Flower, had not only become a Christian, but exerted all her powers of persuasion to bring others to an appreciation of the dignity to which she had been raised. More particularly she sought to influence the mind of her younger sister, an affectionate but volatile girl, and possessed of unbounded influence over the mind of her old and haughty father. Tahmiroo, the sister's name, was possessed of a kind of beauty rare among the Indians; she was tall and graceful, and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity, that the young Sioux called her the Startled Fawn. Every thing seemed to promise years of joy to this child of nature. Her sister exulted in the hope that

soon she would be the happy means of bringing their father and the entire tribe to a participation in the helps and comforts of religion, when an event occurred which gradually but irresistibly destroyed all the hopes of the good missionaries, and showed the exceeding mischief which ill-assorted marriages may cause, and how one bad Christian may frustrate the labours of many teachers of the best of truths.

The Indians, it is known, spend much of their time in the pursuit of wild beasts, and such animals as can supply them with warm furs. Many European traders leave the coasts for the sake of purchasing these furs, and a party of French had found their way at this time to the hunting grounds of the Sioux. Among them was Florimond de Rancé, a young indolent being, whom pure weariness had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little toward gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner which the Indian seldom pays to woman, and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, an anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more and more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this long before the old chief began to suspect it, and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rancé had acquired skill in many graceful arts, which excited the wonder of the savages. He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of savage life, made him a universal favourite, and at his request he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well frighten him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief. With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest." In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised that Florimond de Rancé would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting and in war he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old men noticed that her rich voice was silent when they passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current which mantled under her brown cheek became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rancé; but one day when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers the village maidens had brought her scattered and withering at her feet. The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers." There was a mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rancé saw the light of her mild eye suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power. The marriage-song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Here was a time when the influence of religion might have been established, had this nominal Christian used his power! He thought not of it, or rather he regarded with jealousy and hatred those who were raising up the minds of the people about him to rightful knowledge, and who might, therefore, be found standing in his way of ambition and rapacity. Aglavee urged him to have his marriage celebrated according to the Christian rites, but under various pretexts her wishes were neglected; and before long the priests, one by one, were driven away under various pretexts, and his sister-in-law saw every Christian expelled from the tribe. Even Aglavee's influence was soon almost entirely undermined. He had spread the report that her mind was affected, a report which, it must be confessed, at times received confirmation from the excitement produced in her by the banishment of her friends, the "Black Cassocks," and the ruins of her hopes to introduce Christianity among her people. She had ceased to have influence even over Tahmiroo. The latter discovered that her husband disliked her, and Tahmiroo allowed nearly all her affection for her sister to be swallowed up in the love of her husband. In the mean while months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance with that pleading, innocent look which had always characterised her beauty, she sometimes

would obtain a glance such as he had given her in former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oars, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oars in unison with her soft, rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had asked him to teach her his religion; but as he did not practise it, she learned nothing of its spirit or its influences. The cross he had one day given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sounds of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind, approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, saving the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth with the staid majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind round among the eddies, or dart forward, with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?" It was too evident that De Rancé wished his daughter should be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rancé had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter, without removing her from the attractions of her savage home, and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion. To favour his project he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tracts after tracts of Tahmiroo's valuable land were sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, whither he had the purpose of conveying his children, on the pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife. A company of Canadian traders happened to visit the Falls of St. Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond De Rancé took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire in Quebec. The Sioux pleaded with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pleaded in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her, among the great white folks at the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier. "Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness fell on her mother's neck and wept. "Victoire, 'tis time to depart!" said her father sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself; but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her. "Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rancé, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her. "I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief. "For your father's lands!" said the French-

man coldly. This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he had laid himself down at her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed. Her quiet, submissive air gave place to a stern and loftly manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centered; but even her affection for him was characterised by a strange and unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men; and the boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain. Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Mississippi, when Florimond de Rancé came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hopes of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not. It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he too would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for Florimond de Rancé did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him. Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed, before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and, more than once, she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace—and she could not kill him. The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he, at the same time, promised a speedy return. He had always been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request, exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure. The day arrived. Florimond de Rancé was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis. "Why do you put these on?" said the boy. "Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of the Sioux," said she, mournfully; "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her." She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the river side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed: "he cannot come there to rob me!" She took Louis in her arms as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it toward the Falls of St. Anthony. "Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons me!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help. The boat went over the cataract. Louis de Rancé was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi!

The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the Falls, they often say, "Let us not hunt to-day. A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony." There by the water side, too, years after this event, was Aglavee often seen dressed in Indian fashion, and bearing a cross in hand. The tide of population had begun to set in more rapidly towards the west, and the "Indian of the Cross" had become a more frequent object of notice and general topic of conversation. Her mind indeed was now clearly disturbed. If spoken to, she would raise her cross, and point to the falls where her unfortunate sister and child had lost their lives; or if some kinder voice pierced deeper her soul, she would by dumb motions encourage the speaker to kneel by her side, and then she sung forth the *De Profundis*. An aged priest whom in other times she had known, visited her once more, and by his persuasion she proceeded with him to a convent in one of the nearest towns on the Canadian frontier, where the good nuns nursed her with the utmost tenderness, and helped her on the bed of death.—*Altered from the American.*